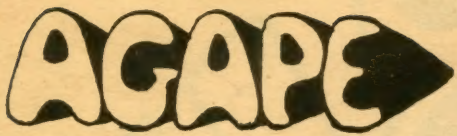


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 Associate Editor: David Magil
 Art Work: Mark Bednarczyk
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Best wishes to Laird Baldwin in pain May thanks to those who contributed and inspired. We need more of both.

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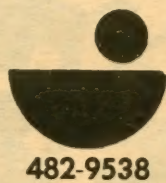
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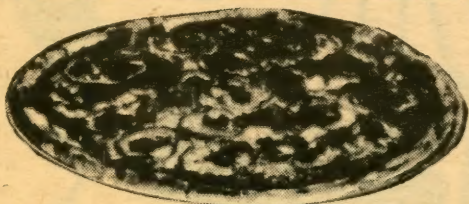


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CANADIAN IMPERIAL
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A MAN AND HIS COUNTRY

By Angus Mackay

Laird Baldwin has decided to make Canada his home.

Born in Norfolk Virginia 22 years ago, he attended the University of South Carolina, dropped out and enlisted into the Navy. His ambition of going to sea was never fulfilled and he ended up being stationed with the Marines. After working at a few medical dispensaries, he was posted at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. Two incidents combined to arrest this apparently uninspiring career: the call to fight in Vietnam and his contributing to an underground newspaper on the base. He is now wanted by the F.B.I.

A casual, self assured young man, he has become acutely conscious of his new found freedom. Armed with nothing but his I.D. (which he was not asked for) and a pourous excuse (which the border guards believed), he crossed into Canada. "You've got to hand it to Canada", he said, "especially after coming out with that memorandum clarifying that there would be no discrimination against deserters."

Once in Montreal, he became quickly established. The references needed to obtain immigration status were supplied by the Montreal Star. The Star also supplied him with a job (re. The Army Underground Press published in the entertainment section). His lodgings are provided by Logos. Although he has yet to meet anyone who he knew in the forces, he meets an average of two new deserters a day.

He applied for Conscientious Objector status and was refused. He elaborates. "The basis for receiving conscientious objector status is to be sincere. This sincerity is supposed to be measured through character references and through personal interviews. The early C.O. criteria was religious. Now, that's been changed by the District Court of the Supreme Court rulings. However that hasn't really changed in the military. Although I had 21 character references, was a member of the Unitarian Church and had grown up in a Catholic Sunday school, they turned me down on the grounds that I wasn't religious." A brief from the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors said that about 2% of all the people that have applied for it since 1966 within the military have received it, while about 80% got it before 1966.

His enlistment into the military was clouded by uncertainty. He was convinced that the war was wrong but was unsure of what line he should take. The underground newspaper provided him with the answer. He joined. This move caused him to be

charged as a top security risk on his base.

He described the reaction of the military to his newspaper. "The majority of the enlisted men were digging it. The rest of the enlisted men were deeply afraid to admit that it existed or even that they had heard of it. The brass was really uptight."

The paper itself was unsophisticated and down to earth. Its appeal was

that had spoken out against the unsanitary conditions and had been fired - people that had been persecuted because they were black.... and yet the feeling in the army is pretty apathetic. Their dissent doesn't go too deep as far as the intellectual thinking of the mind is concerned. What we mainly worked on was the fact that people were pissed off at the most obvious level of confrontation

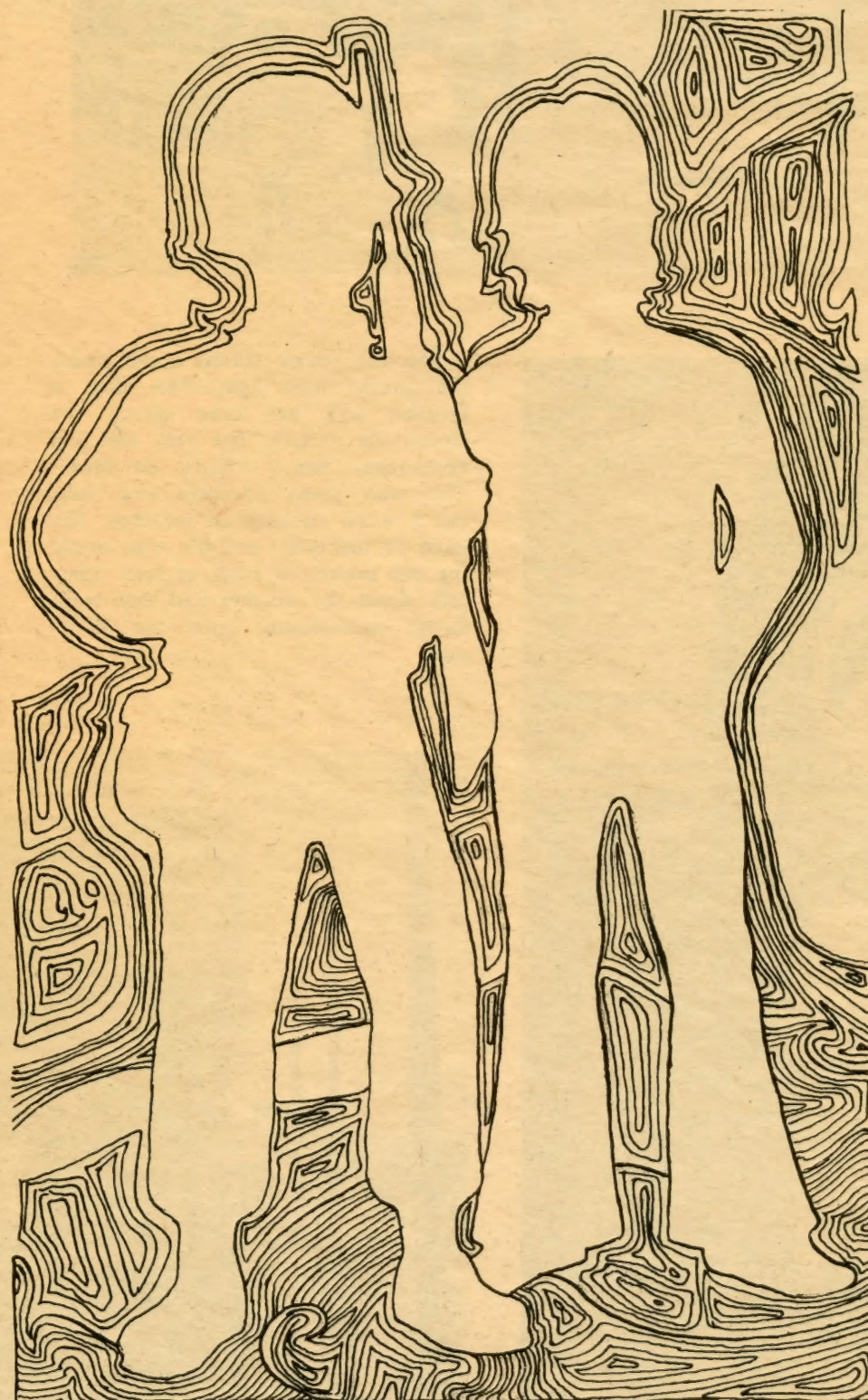
We didn't want to lead everyone into blind rebellion. We wanted to them to understand for themselves why things were much worse than they ever realized. They sensed, but they didn't really understand."

Baldwin became especially vocal on the subject of the state of the military prisons. "The great majority of the guys inside are not criminals. They are in there because they spent a couple of hours too long at home and were considered AWOL. Some people have been thrown in the clink for even talking about the war (especially the black man). They step out of line and get a 5 or 6 month sentence."

The civilian concept of the professional soldier no longer exists and the attempts to explain why men remain within the confines of the armed forces. "They're afraid to move and they're afraid of the friction they're going to encounter. They don't want to be the one person to step out of line. The military is such an all-persuasive thing. Any environment that stretches across your whole country tends to put blinders on your way of thinking. They army has the potential of becoming a very dangerous power. What I see happening is large companies or groups of soldiers refusing to get on the planes. There have already been several huge prison revolts. At Fort Ord, California, two hundred out of the three hundred enlisted men sat down morning, refused to eat three meals that day, and started singing "America the Beautiful".

All this and more - and to a young man like Laird Baldwin, its effect was staggering. "When I was in uniform, I was more or less forced to be political. There was only one line I could take to allviate the ridiculous paradox I was in, of being in uniform and fighting for a government that's destroying innocent people in Vietnam. The only way to stop that murdering monster was to actually quit. People in it have to rebel because it is a totally evil thing." But Baldwin is not a political freedom fighter and fully realizes that if he was dedicated to fighting the evils of the world in a hard way, he would have gone to jail.

However, he is a man too obviously in love with life to have taken that final drastic step of dissent. The armed forces gave him a first hand look at American militarism - and he rebelled against what he saw. And yet, it can be said that he ran towards something rather than ran away from something else. If a man must find a better way of living his life, and in the process, must escape a stifling and alienating force, never let it be said that we in Canada refused to give him that chance.



unpretentious and yet profound, and in a sense, congruous to the very essence of Baldwin's being. "It was to a certain extent, like Logos in that it was whatever the people felt like putting into it at that particular time. We did include a history of the Vietnam War as we saw it evolving, and we put in a lot of articles about the injustices on our base-people on PX

with higher authority. People don't like playing military games - they don't like to be told to cut their hair, shine their shoes and to get up early in the morning. People resent that naturally, and we worked on that as our basic motivation. That was the purpose of our newspaper - to take that force and work with it, and to make something intellectual out of it.

A part of the world . . .



A little boy stands beside a grocery store, eyeing the contents of the display window. He presses his face against the plate-glass and slowly inches his way towards the door. He enters and reaches for the cigarette counter. He removes a number of packages and stuffs them into his trousers. The storekeeper sees the youth and menacingly yells "EEE-YYY". The boy runs and disappears in the darkness.

The two bloodied men are led away into the waiting paddy wagon. They threaten the rookie cop as he leads them to their limousine. A minute ago, they would have killed each other, but now they find a common enemy. Their muffled cries can be heard as the paddy wagon rolls slowly into the darkness.

A speeding car scatters the mobs on Notre Dame Street. The red flashing light and the piercing whine of the siren add to the already-present din created by the evening shoppers. A mother yanks her child from the street and in her momentary rage, slaps him on the head. A man, his arms aching, and his belly full of beer, turns down Charlevoix Street and is surrounded by the darkness.

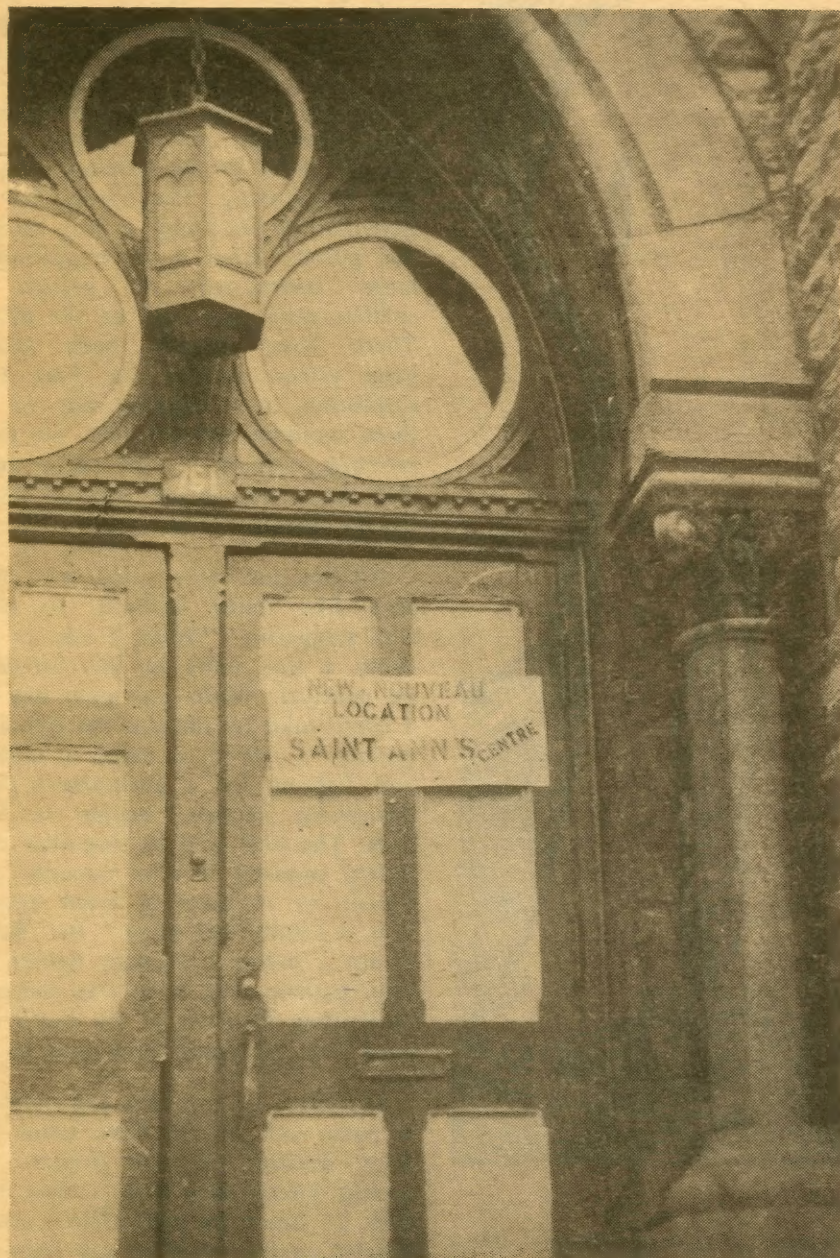
"Onwarddd Christchan Soljjjers..." The garbled voices of old men, accompany the tinny sound of the middle-aged band. They march proudly, in columns, down Canning Street. They stop on the corner and listen to the uniformed preacher extol the virtues of "Jeyzus Kriste" "Ifff you follow in the footsteps ov are Loorrd, you will never fail." A grizzled man in the crowd places his finger on his

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The old whore stands alone under the gaudy neon light. Her face is faceless and her eyes search the streets for a man. She sees one and approaches him... "As-tu du feu?". The man stops abruptly and pulls out a worn package of matches. His hand is unsteady and his eyes study the old master in front of him. They talk about the weather and then walk away, arm-in-arm, into the darkness.



photos Guy Op De Beeck

Mark Be

... through children's eyes

ril and with surprising accuracy
s a glob of mucous onto the al-
y-crowded street. He wipes his
with the back of his hand and as
band begins to play, he readies
self for the march back to the
el. "To beeee a pill grimm",
ings, as marches with the others
the darkness.

the young man parks his car on a
street. Beside him, almost on
of him, sits his date. They un-
le, emerge from the automobile
walk slowly towards Notre Dame.
is dressed in a blue suit that re-
s all the light shed upon it. His
k, pointed, imitation-alligator-
shoes shine with a "Scuff Cote"
a. His hair is well-oiled and
ed back to cover his unwashed
. She walks beside him with
e, not only in him but in the way
looks, she wears a mauve dress
as protection against the chilli-
of the night, has a lime-green
ter draped across her shoulders.
approach the Pagoda Café and
to read the evening program.
SOIR... RICKY LEE ET SES
NADES". He opens the door and
s. She follows him into the dark-

e-motorcyclists congregatè near
Snack Bar, drinking their beer
bottles wrapped in paper bags.
waitress in the Snack Bar, ser-
the night-shift their coffee and
akes. They undress her with
eyes and imagine pleasures that
might derive from a night spent
her. The cyclist, hearing the
of an approaching police car,

sporadically turn on their motors in
preparation for any need to depart
suddenly. The patrol car passes them
and continues down St. Ambrose
Street. The motors are shut off and
the beer-fest continues in the dark-
ness.

The park benches are covered with
bodies. A radio have the number one

song of the week. They that stand
around the benches sway in time to
the rhythm. A pimply-faced youth
with rotting teeth is draped around
a girl with the same afflictions. He
kisses her with calculated passion.
They stand and dance with a mecha-
nical motion oblivious to the other
couples that surround them. On one
side of the couples stand the single
females; on the other, the single ma-
les. Their intentions are obvious and
the game is played in the darkness.

The very business-like woman sits
in her office, inspired by the pink-
plaster Jesus crucified on her wall.
She ponders over the class lists and
decides that the school is almost fil-
led to capacity. "Over three hundred
students..." She wants to tell some-
one of her plight. The school is now

empty, depleted of its youthful energy.
The janitor has completed washing
the ground-floor classrooms. She puts
on her coat and walks almost unwill-
ingly to the front door. "Good night
Sister..." She is startled for a mo-
ment, but then recognising the voice
and the face, she utters a brisk but
friendly "Good-night" and leaves the
building, to be hidden by the dark-
ness.

The balding, middle-aged and rather
pudgy school principal fidgets with his
pipe. He flicks the switch in the
machine-shop, forgetting that there is
no electricity. Some of the one hun-
dred students that attend this Occu-
pational School, stand around with
puzzled expressions, on their unin-
telligent faces. They await the day
when they will be able to enter this
room. They must work with their
hands, for their minds have not de-
veloped. They must be trained for
the mechanized world which awaits
them when they complete their edu-
cation. With an empathetic expression
on his face, the nervous little man,
explains the temporary lack of power.
They seem to understand and walk
away. He, in turn, walks into the dim
room. He stands and thinks in the

darkness.

They sit on the floor watching ho-
me-movies of a now-forgotten Hallo-
we'en. Their playroom is a Liliputian
world of building blocks, plastercine,
fire trucks and dolls. The children
applaud the antics of a clown on the
screen. (They are colorless, race-
less and creed-less.) Their guardian
is rather plump. The movie ends and
the children prepare to leave. They
dress awkwardly and soon the voices of
thirty children can be heard echoing
in the hall-way. A notice reads 'PRE-
SCHOOL NURSERY', but they can't
read yet and so ignore the meaning-
less sign. Their impromptu phalanx
descends the staircase and with un-
expected suddenness, vanishes in the
light.

THE WAY IT IS.





MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

Now showing on indefinite loan to the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts is the Hosmer-Pillow-Vaughn Collection of paintings, tapestries, furniture and crafted artifacts.

The first notable feature of the collection is the Italian sketches and studies, in charcoal and ink, from the 15th to the 19th century. This part of the exhibit contains a panorama of subjects from the musings and studies of traditional Italian art students.

The 18th century paintings of Venice by Canaletto show the contrast from the rigidity to the freedom of reason in the exaggerated lighting and colour structures of buildings, people, canals, and serene skies.

There are twelve Boudin oils, impressionistic paintings of North Africa by the Canadian artist Morisse, Delacroix's "Lady Macbeth", Brughel's "The Feast of the Elements" and some faded but detailed tapestries.

The furniture and candelabras reflect the cultures and lives of the people from the eras in which they were constructed.

Dark Nature

There are two still lives by Boudin called "Dead Nature" which are unlike his other paintings. Looking at these, one wonders what it is that is

worth depicting as death with respect to nature.

For those who would take a predominantly technical and pragmatic approach, there is an "interest" to enjoy this exhibit.

To those who ponder on intuitive perspectives there is a depth to be looked into through the collection.

To those who wonder about the object of art, i.e. the expression of an understanding between real things and the Real, there is a hint that the artists in these rooms were aware of much more than many of us.

For there are only a few essential things to know after which the rest is complementary.

The artist can, if he is truly an artist, point the way.

Some 16,000 slides are on loan from the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts for a minimal fee. The slides cover periods from prehistoric times to the present era, including primitive, oriental and western art. Further information can be obtained by calling 842-8091, local 52.

The 1969-70 Syllabus for the School of Art and Design is now available upon request and the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts. Registration closes September 30.

show of beard, or the carefreeness of a lifeloving lord. Rose faces bring forth a characteristic of the mood of a face or else show hints of too much booze or high blood pressure.

Life is a nebulous word, which gets its globality lost in the days that it carves out. But such globality leaves its traces on certain subjects, one of these being the human face. Rebecca, Christ, and men and women from all walks of life tell their story under his brush. The burden of giving life to those things which are dead even though we know they are so is that of the artist and the poet. It is a shame that something is always lost in transmission. The living experience in the mediums of light (color, and form) cannot escape entirely escape the eye here, though it may elsewhere. To be able to look at a room, a piece of clothing, the glance of an eye, and say: "See how it lives!" is to glimpse the gifts in the art of Rembrandt.

REMBRANDT

The exhibition "Rembrandt and His Pupils" which was in Montreal last spring is now at the National Art Gallery in Ottawa.

All that the Rembrandt experience asks is for one to look and to see, to see something which has been experienced by so few and overlooked by so many. There are interplays of borwns and textures reminiscent of the domestic past, which are so striking in the archetypal sensitivity they evoke. There is lighting that knows its subject, lace folds that tell over richness beyond lace, and men in the molds of the ageless limits of human experience.

Rembrandt's mastery of mechanics and style as executed by his pupils makes one understand that technique is only the beginning. The faces of Rembrandt do not lose on canvas what they hold in life, rather they show what so often goes unseen. Splotchy greys over flesh stamp on a mild

MSO GALA CONCERT

Tuesday, September 30 Montreal Symphony Orchestra Gala Concert \$1.50 between 7-8 night of concert. Soloist: Pina Carmerilli, Violin. Salle Wilfred Pelletier pdA.

The highlight of the evening will be Pina Carmerilli and the M.S.O.'s rendition of **ALBAN BERG's CONCERTO for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA**.

The inspiration for this work was the death of a young girl. He intended the concerto to be a requiem to "an angel".

The first movement describes the character of the girl, in music that is graceful and boyant. One of the



main melodies has the identity of an Alpine folk song, while another is in the style of a Viennese Waltz.

The concluding movement is tragic in that it deals with death and the deliverance of the soul. As regards the soul, Berg suggests that it finds eternal rest in death.

The evening will conclude with Anton Bruckner's Symphony No. 7 in E major.

McGILL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

Monday, September 29, McGill chamber Orchestra \$2.00 Théâtre Port-Royal PdA

Soloist: **Leonard ROSE, Cello.**

Four works will be played. Haydn: Concerto Grosso; Boccherini: Cello Concerto; J.S. Bach: Suite for Solo Cello; Bartok: Divertimento.

The interesting element in this concerto will be the contrast in style between the four works to be played.

Leonard Rose is one of the most eminent celloists in the world and is one-third of the incomparable Stern-Estomin - Rose trio.

Bach composed in the seventeenth century, Haydn and Boccherini in the eighteenth century, and Bartok in the late nineteenth and a early twentieth centuries. The most striking contrasts, stylistically speaking, are between Bach and Haydn or Bocchrini.

MONTREAL STAR \$1.00 CONCERT

MONTREAL STAR DOLLAR CONCERTS MONTREAL FORUM

October 28: Montreal Symphony Orchestra, Franz Paul Decker conducting, Soloist: Itzhak Perlman, Violin.

November 25: Montreal Symphony Orchestra, Zubin Mehta conducting.

January 27: Montreal Symphony Orchestra, Alain Lombard conducting. Soloist: Nikolai Petrov, Piano.

February 24: Montreal Symphony Orchestra, Franz-Paul Decker Conducting. Soloist: Jon Vickers, Tenor. Series Price (no single tickets): one ticket - \$4.60, Two - \$9.20 etc...

This is the cheapest concert series in the city but one of the best from the point of view of the competence and excellence of the artists.

A new season for the Theatre du Nouveau Monde opens on October 15 at the Maisonneuve Theatre, Place des Arts, with the production of "Lysistrata" by Michel Tremblay and André Brossard, based on Aristophanes comedy, with Denise Filiatrault in the title role. To ensure the survival of T.N.M., 13,000 season tickets must be sold. Up until the end of September T.N.M. offers seven plays for the price of six. More information can be obtained from Therese Arbie 849-9373.

There is an Arlo Guthrie Concert at Place des Arts, November 8, at 8:30. Tickets are \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.50, \$5.50.

Paul Butterfield Blues Band will appear at the Salle Wilfrid Pelletier at 8.15 on October 6. Also appearing on the show will be the Times Square Two. Tickets are on sale at place des Arts and at S.G.W.U. for \$3. and \$4.00.

Judy Collins will be performing at Massey Hall in Toronto on October 5 at 8 pm. Tickets can be obtained by sending a cheque or money order with a stamp self addressed envelope to Massey Hall, 175 Victoria St. Toronto, Tickets are \$3.50, \$4.50.

There will be a C.B.C. television special on the Mariposa Folk Festival at 9 PM Sunday the 28th. Joan Baez and Joni Mitchell and other will be featured involved.

EASY RIDER

Dennis Hopper's first film, **Easy Rider**, is a modern saga of two people who search to discover America.

Wyatt, as played by Peter Fonda, is the Captain American of the duo, high on finding an ideal while his sidekick, Billy, played by Hopper, is more base, content, to find his freedom in the money they have.

At the start of the film, these two, supported by the profits of an illegal transaction of drugs, rig themselves with custom bikes, discard their watches and start down the sun-drenched roads to their eventual goal of New Orleans.

Early in the film Hopper contrasts them to two modern-day cowboys. Wyatt with his spurred boots walks into a stable to change the tire of his bike, while in the foreground a rancher puts new shoes on his steed.

A meal with a rancher's family provides a happy interlude: Hopper's first glimpse into the ideal America. Wyatt seems quietly impressed but as much as this quiet, do-your-own-thing-in your own-time, settled family appeals to him, he cannot settle in his quest.

Their second stop is the hippie commune in Arizona a community built by the flower children disillusioned by the Haight-Ashbury scene in the big cities. They have come to find a simple, pacified existence in a tribal-type community. Here they sow seeds in a desolate waste and hope to live from the land. When Billy asks how they expect this to grow, the leader retorts that they have to do a rain-dance. This happy optimism affects Wyatt and somehow given him a better picture of his quest. But Billy, uptight and eager to move, urges him on.

As he and Billy leave, the community leader prophetically tells them that perhaps this is the land that they are looking for, but they decline because they are still hip to time and all that signifies in modern America.

Enter sotten George Hanson, played by Jack Nicholson. He provides the highlight of the film. A maverick in his own way, he joins the two, clad in football helmet, white suit and suspenders, to visit the greatest brothel in New

Orleans. "These are not ordinary mutton chops but A-one prime". He provides most of the humour, and his insight and death are the turning point from a lyrical journey to a rough horrifying ride.

A funeral dirge in the glamorous brothel for their dead friend provides their first introduction of New Orleans. Their end of the rainbow is turned into a grotesque fantasy of monstrous Mardi Gras figures. When Wyatt and Billy come across a dead lamb in a New Orleans gutter, it is the climax as their innocence can no longer exist in the brutality of the real America.

Wyatt and Billy are contrasted in character. Wyatt is almost aloof and contemplative in his role. He becomes more aware, in the early part of the film, of what he is looking for while Billy tries to find his freedom in his money and never comes to grips with himself. In the last scene Billy still expects to find his freedom in the lush resorts of Florida and Wyatt can only shake his head and say that they already lost out.

One wonders how much Billy influences Wyatt. As Wyatt's character develops in the first half, he seems to come closer to realizing his goal only to have Billy urge him onwards. This bond to Billy brings them to their tragic end. For the rest of the film, Wyatt seems to stoically await his fate.

Billy, on the other hand, outside of influential actions never seems to advance in character until his meeting with George. From there he takes more of a leading role. Like George, Billy is more influenced by the values of society than he would like to admit. His interest revolves around money, girls, and drugs. His only major difference with George is his naive insistence that money can buy him acceptance. Consequently he and George can develop a friendship.

Hopper has developed a difficult role for Nicholson who as a Southerner

CAPTAIN AMERICA



must provide a meeting ground for the new breed and the old American tradition. This sudden mental clash provides a ground for a satirical look at a squares first encounter with grass, probably the funniest event in the film, which turns into a fantastic, stoned discourse, with Billy, on the invasion and integration of the Venusians. Later, after a harrowing experience with the locals, George comments "This use to be a hell of a good country... I don't know what's gone wrong." Before he is fatally beaten, he prophetically comments "they're scared of what you represent - freedom... Don't you tell anybody they're not free or they're just get busy killing and maiming people to prove it."

Kovacs' photography fits in well

with the theme. During the first part of the film he catches the gleam of the open road switching to the vast expanses of the mountainous and arid lands of the midwest. During the last parts of the film Kovacs contrasts the lush mansions of Louisiana with the rundown shacks of the black sharecroppers. He zooms in on the brutality and the hostility on the faces of the southern locals. His camera the desolation of Wyatt and Billy in a grotesque Mardi Gras and follows them to a freaked out session with drugs. In the final scene he tenderly allows Wyatt to come to his tragic rest.

EASY RIDER is now playing at the Atwater I Odeon Cinema at the Metro level.

LOYOLA COMM. ARTS DEPT.

LOYOLA COMM, ARTS DEPT.: One of the best bargains in town is a series of silent films presented by the Communication Arts Dept. A 12 week series covering such notables as Griffith, Dreyer, Lang, Von Stronheim, Champlain and many more, started last Wednesday and will continue into December.

The films are shown every Wednesday at 8:30 p.m. at the F.C. Smith Auditorium (unless otherwise stated) and cost .75 per showing. Season tickets are available in the Dept of Comm. Arts for \$5.00.

This Wednesday's showing is the **OUTLAW AND HIS WIFE**, a 1917 Swedish production by Victor Sjöström, considered the greatest Swedish director before Bergman.

WESTMOUNT

WESTMOUNT CINEMA: John Schlesinger's **MIDNIGHT COWBOY** is probably one of the best films in Montreal at present. The film deals with two destitute characters who find human companionship and warmth in the jungle. Underground warmth in the jungle underground of New York. Dustin Hoffman continues his fine performances with the roll of Ratzo Rizzi, a cripple who lives by hook and crook in the underground. Jon Voight makes a brilliant debut as the naive, sensitive cowboy who comes to New York to make his living as a "stud".

THE TWO BIT REVIEW

AVENUE

AVENUE CINEMA: THE LOVES OF ISADORA. Commodity conscious distributors have destroyed what could have been a remarkable portrayal of a remarkable woman, Isadora. Slashing a 3 hour production down to 2 hours has left the film disunified and has sensationalized the life of Isadora. It is still recommended because Vanessa Redgrave has somehow still managed to give body and soul to Isadora in a remarkable performance.

GUY

GUY CINEMA: a revival of two lyrical romantic films, **ELVIRA MADIGAN** and **LE BONHEUR**.

VERDI

VERDI CINEMA: for money conscious students who want the best ci-

nema of the past, there is no better cinema in Canada than the Verdi. Admission rates are .99 Mon. tru Fri. and \$1.50 on the weekend.

The film playing this Fri. and Sat. is **YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT**.

Sun. to Tues. **PIERROT LE FOU** by Jean Luc Goddar. Paul Belmondo plays the young married exec. who fed up with society goes on an Odyssey with his babysitter, Anna Karina.

DAUPHIN

DAUPHIN CINEMA: The best French or English comedy in town is De Broca's **LE DIABLE PAR LA QUEUE**. Yves Montand playing a roll akin to the old Bogart as possible falls victim to a little old marquessa trying to renovate her old baroque chateau. When the gangster Montand meets the marquessa and her baroque family, all hell breaks loose.

Confrontation '69

by Anne Ricard

I
this clerical collar
(It shall urge us--
to purge the world
Overturn the awful
altar..)

encircles
his choleric face
and is captured
in a camera flash.
After,
they laughed
about the lies
"You can have now"

Leisurely seated on Jesus grass
outside the opulent entrance
of their residence
I sense the militancy needed, the millions

We hold hands with radicals
to reach past
the abstract stars, we are full
of fear, straining here
to feel...
taking the reasonable ideals
of being freed
seeing these as feasible, then
shaping them as real--
to make reality bearable
everywhere.

Celebrate celibacy! "Famers"
for how well a fraudlin self
in the papal assigned cell
will not rebel
Are we part of the larger conspiracy
victims of a similar Unholy Spirit

II

Lunacy commands
"The cops have been called!"
--"Locate a lawyer
from Logos"

as apathy appalls
all the grimaced, training young faces
of honor students

Two of the few.
He cannot eat...
She speaks with pure words
inured by curses
Neither is immune.

In the case of Latin American emaciation
no one can plead impunity
Which mass-media is worse?
t.v. tanks of awkward wars
shocked at colored conflagration, and
the press is somewhat impressed
by black and white confrontations
The flames of human immolation are fed
as a hearse hurries toward the defoliated cemetery.

Our air is perilous
with pollution: poisonous resolutions to soothe us
to subjugate those who pursue
the persuasive arts of protestation, impatiently
opposed to the state.

III

Fire escape spirals. I will
burn, learning even love is threatened:
what seems safe, once uncovered
is corruption--
erupting with screams of animosity, or suffering
The golden Christ Child cries--
another baby in Asia died.

Why such wonderment at thunder?
When the storm had started
far behind our present time
begun by almost everyone
A holocaust is already here
raging in the midst
of tumultuous tears
and bewildered resignation